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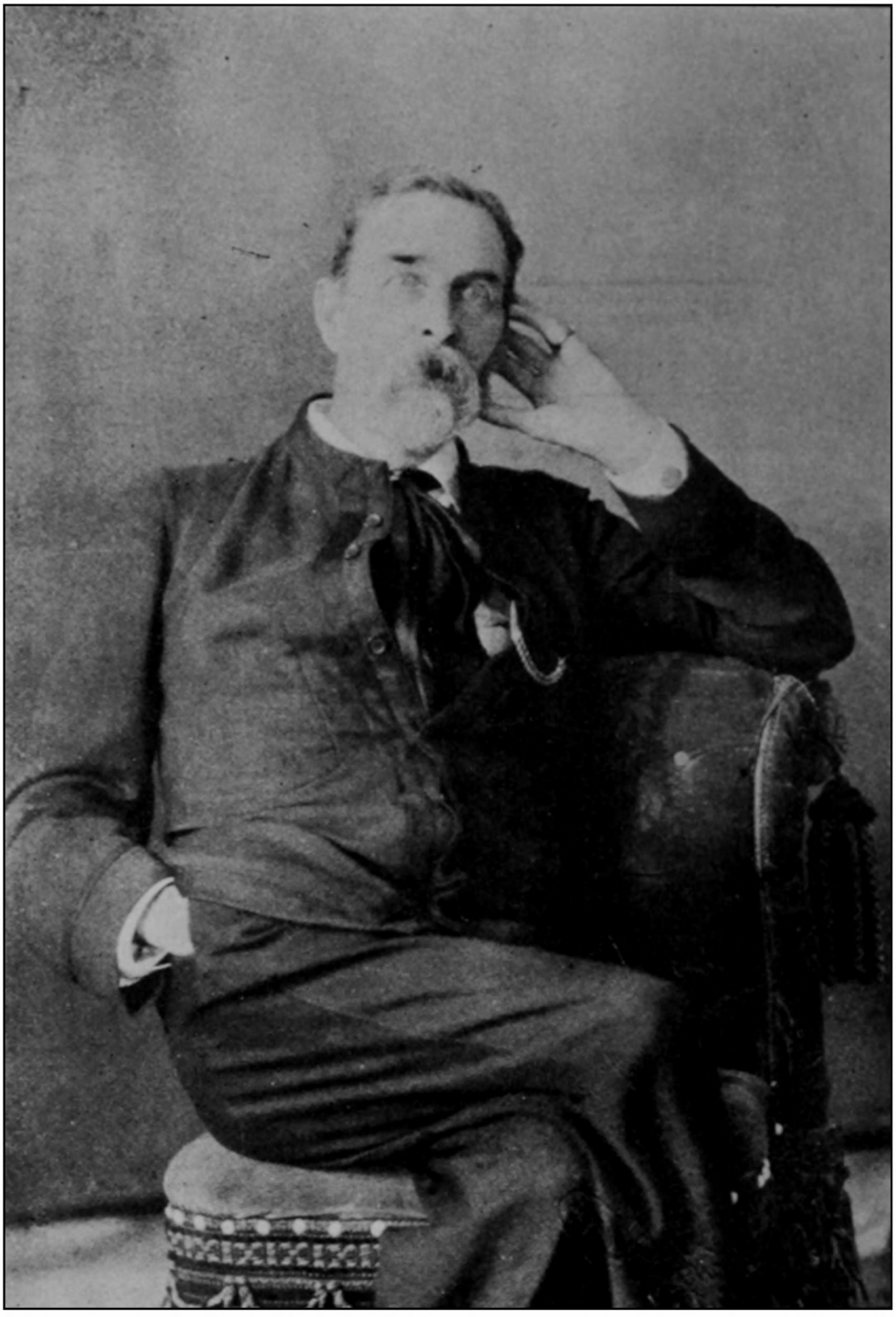

THE AUTHOR.

LOG OF THE KAALOKAI

By CAPTAIN F. D. WALKER

Being a description of the small islands, shoals and reefs lying W. N. W. of the Hawaiian group proper * * * *
Together with a recount of the experiences of the voyage in a 47-ton schooner; and stories for the entertainment of sea folk, and others * * * * * * * *

HONOLULU, HAWAII:
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By F. D. Walker

The Log of the "Kaalokai."

In the early part of the year 1891, I was commissined by the Survey Department of the then monarchy of the Hawaiian Islands, to survey the Island of Lisiansky. In pursuance therewith, I chartered the schooner "Kaalokai," and on Saturday, May 23rd, of that year, we of the expedition sailed from Honolulu—not only in the interests of navigation, to acquire a perfect knowledge of the entire chain of islands and reefs lying to the W. N. W. of the Hawaiian group proper, but to collect shark fins, and any other product, marine or otherwise of a commercial value.

It is (or was) the general custom, when notable departures from port take place, for the band to send them off with musical strains. On this occasion, however, as the band was absent, we had to start without it. A baseball game being on, the counter attraction proved too strong, and the usual crowd at the wharf was conspicuous by its absence; still, we had a few to witness our departure: Jimmy (of whom more hereafter) had his sisters, his cousins and his aunts there; he was the only one who furnished the fair sex. Just as we

were about to cast off, Jimmy started in the kissing business; as he gave each about a dozen, it took some time to get through—but at last he let go, and we let go and sailed away with a good breeze under the foresail and jib.

After a short run of two hours, we anchored off the entrance to Pearl Lochs to straighten things up—and indeed they wanted straightening, not excepting the crew.

PUULOA AS A SANITARIUM.

Pearl harbor is a magnificent sheet of water, but the entrance to it is difficult. On the western side of the entrance stands Puuloa, where I lived for nearly five months. There would be no occasion for an invalid to go to the coast for recuperation if a sanitarium were established at Puuloa. Our experience there was that we could sleep twenty hours, eat three, and amuse ourselves in the water the other one hour of the twenty-four.

Persons fond of fishing can enjoy good sport in killing sharks of huge dimensions, devil fish and other large marine game. For yachting purposes it is charming; the air is pure but narcotic and develops an abnormal appetite.

Before we recount the start on our trip it is proper to say something of our outfit. The crew consisted of four "sailors" before the mast, while aft we had two officers and a chef; the latter we always addressed as the Professor. We had a good stock of "grub," which was stowed away on the cabin floor and any other place we could find. A couple of bird

collectors were passengers, and as the cabin had only four berths, the Professor and I had the floor neatly arranged for our sleeping accommodation. A few bread cases made a luxurious sofa, while for cushions, a few bags of Lima beans answered admirably. The Professor having great ideas of comfort, monopolized a bag of flour for his pillow—his head has been white ever since. It was with no small degree of pardonable pride, that we leisurely surveyed our saloon after everything had been nicely arranged.

THE CREW OF THE KAALOKAI.

The crew forward, was what might aptly be termed a scratch crew, one A.B. white and three A.B. natives. One native A.B. had the pleasure of having his first voyage. He was, in fact, a brand new sailor; his knowledge of English was limited to two words, or more correctly speaking, one hyphenated word, and that was, god-dam. He had a native name, but no one could remember it, so we rechristened him Moses, and gave him the pump as a foster mother, and it turned out a good one, too. The craft leaked like a sieve, so he had lots of sucking to do. Many a time he would look up and ejaculate, "pilikia, god-dam!"

Jimmy comes next. He was a tender youth, possessed a beautiful appetite, was never sick. He knew nothing, but evidently considered a sailor's life in bad weather was to seek the consolation a forecastle grant, and, in fine, to recline on deck and sing "Aloha Oe" with

guitar accompaniment. His guileless ideas were rudely dispelled, however; his guitar took the consolation, and Jimmy had to knock around and do his level best. Give him his due, he did it.

Bill comes third. He ought to have been put first. He actually could handle the sails, and steer (kanaka fashion). When at the wheel he would sit on the steering gear cover, smoke his pipe contentedly and wish the wind would "blow like hell." Do not rashly imagine that Bill meant anything vulgar, low, or impious by his frequent use of that imaginary place; we who are educated do not use that word now. Sheol (according to the revised edition of the Bible) is the now accepted word; but Bill, who was educated in a Missionary school, only knew of hell. Hell was his positive, comparative and superlative. I tried hard to get Bill to use the word sheol, but my endeavors were fruitless—it did not signify what he was talking about, there was always "hell" in it.

The fourth was a white sailor, and requires no description.

The duties of the officers were many. The first officer when in harbor was a scientist, photographer and chemist. The second officer was a carpenter, naturalist and second in command of the surveying party. As our craft was only 47 tons, I had as good an equipment as Lord Anson had in his voyages, perhaps better.

* * * * *

After we had anchored off Pearl Harbor and got things in order, our first endeavors were to get something to eat. The stove which was supplied we found worthless, but by ingenuity and perseverance we got it into some kind of shape to boil water. We made an *al fresco* meal on deck, the saloon being rather stuffy.

We got out lines for sharks, but had no luck. Everything being shipshape, we weighed anchor and proceeded on our voyage; but owing to a calm, were compelled to anchor again. At daybreak we started with a light breeze and headed for Barber's Point, a most dangerous place, for the reefs run out more than half a mile from the lighthouse.

May 24th.—After rounding Barber's Point we stood well out towards the center of Kauai channel, to avoid the calms which occasionally prevail on the southwest part of Oahu. On reaching the center it fell calm, but soon a nasty sea got up, short but heavy. Towards evening it looked as though we were going to have a disagreeable time of it, and so we did; gusts of wind would come, with rain and more sea, then calm again, then a heavy squall would fetch us and send us beam into the sea. Our little craft, close reefed down, however, stood it well; at one moment our bowsprit would be pointing towards heaven and the next few seconds the jibboom would be investigating the depths of the sea. Having everything secure and hove to under the closereefed foresail, we went below and blessed the com-

poser of "Blow high ye winds." We were all as sick as cats. It rained all night on deck, and down below it reigned confusion; the boxes would knock about, a tin of tomatoes or some other festive article would get loose, and while in motion would give you a clip that would make you imitate Moses. But all things come to an end, and at 3 a. m. it cleared up. The wind came from the N. E.; we made all sail and stood up the channel, and while traveling along merrily at the rate of five knots, our greatest speed, we forgot our woes. Kauai channel is a mean place; Bill says it is "all same hell."

On the 25th we cleared the Island of Kauai, said to be the "garden" island of the group—but, mark you, you must not mention it in the presence of a man who lives on Maui; he would pity your ignorance and look at you with contempt. I have not a ghost of an opinion on the subject myself, not having visited either, but it states so in the guide. Perhaps the guide lies—so a man from Maui told me. If the guide is edited by a person having a journalistic reputation like many that I know of, I will acept the Maui man's statement without any mental reservation.

I wish our craft would sail better! Here we have a good breeze, smooth sea, all sail set, and we do not make more than five knots. However, they say the faster you go the less fish you catch. If that proverb is reversible, we ought to have a deckful before night. We have great trouble with the stove, I think we

will have to make a new one. Capt. Godfrey put that stove aboard, and while we damn the stove we bless Capt. Godfrey; sometimes we suffer from mental aberration, I think they call it, and bless the stove and damn Capt. Godfrey.

BIRD ISLAND.

26th, 8 a. m.—Sighted Bird Island, also called Nihoa, and at 1 p. m. was abreast of it. Sailed around it, but at only one point, as far as we could see, could a landing be effected, and even then the water should be smooth. The ocean swell rolls in heavy; there is a nice bit of sandy beach on the southern side, but at the time of our visit the green water rushed up too lively for a boat to land.

It's all right if you are on a steamer where you can lay off and on. Sometime ago a crowd chartered a steamer and went there for a picnic. They had the time of their life, and are not done talking of it yet. We saw a few sharks, but as we were occupied sketching we allowed them to swim around and admire the graceful lines of our craft. As night drew on, we bore away.

We have made a new stove, it is a daisy. For the benefit of whoever requires such an article, I will give a brief description of it. Get a ten-gallon gasoline drum, cut one-third of the upper part off, cut a three-inch strip nearly half round the lower part of the drum, for the admission of air. The upper third of the drum serves as a culinary utensil, and

there you are. We now can fry fish, flapjacks or anything else, and for stews, chowders and such like, it is simply grand; no more pilikia now.

27th.—The wind has been very light, the sea smooth and everyone has a good appetite. We have rigged up an awning, so we take our meals on deck—it is so romantic. Our only chagrin lays in the fact that we have none of the fair sex to chat with and enjoy the delightful undulating motion of a schooner in a calm. The saloon is rather warm—it measures eight feet by ten. The thermometer (mean 80 deg.) rises five degrees for each incoming occupant, so when the entire strength of the company (six) goes below, it is hot.

We have great amusement in feeding the goonies which are flying around, eager to seize and eat anything edible. There are two descriptions of goonies: the brown, rather blackish, is called the sooty albatross. Those white with black wings are called the northern albatross; both are inferior in size to the great southern albatross. Both of the former rarely exceed twelve feet from tip to tip of wing. The latter goes six feet better, and is more savage. The flesh is edible, but contains very little nutriment, as I found out by having to exist on them for over a year with occasional eggs and fish.

It is seemingly incredible, the amount of food one of these birds will consume at a time. On one occasion I have taken a piece of shark, about the size of the bird itself, cut it up in

small pieces and thrown the pieces to it one by one, and it devoured it all. Nothing more forthcoming, it placed its head beneath its wing and went to sleep.

We had dirty weather the latter part of the day, obliging us to shorten sail. It rained hard. A few sharks came along, so we took them on board out of the wet. They were extremely lively when on deck; one of them hit Moses on the leg playfully with his tail, which made Moses speak all the English he knew in an emphatic manner.

NECKAR ISLAND.

Thursday, 28th.—At daylight we sighted Neckar Island, and at 10 a. m. were abreast of the island.

Neckar Island has been visited several times. On one occasion it was thoroughly explored and several curiosities in the shape of small idols were discovered. There are several places where small deposits of guano of good quality exist, but transportation is difficult. The best landing is on the west side, and then a steep climb to the summit. All species of aquatic birds are there. The frigate bird, or man-of-war hawk, with its natural feeder the tropic birds, tern, gannet, boatswain and several specimens of gull. All have an ocean home rarely visited by man.

The weather was too squally to attempt a landing, but we maneuvered around it, and then proceeded to the southward. There is a fishing bank extending nearly sixty miles to

the southward of the island. We found twelve fathoms as the lowest sounding, the average being about thirty fathoms. Fish there is abundant, but the sharks are annoying. It is my idea that in times gone by, the island must have been known to the natives of Kauai, and that they had a fishing station there. It is an ideal place for catching fish, and drying them during the summer months, April till October. We did not stop long; at 9 p. m. we bore away for French Frigate shoals.

Friday 29th.—During the night we had squally weather and a nasty sea. No observation, as neither the sun by day nor moon and stars by night would put in an appearance; however, we made things as comfortable as possible, and took life easy. The wind shifted to S. E., then S. then S. W., and blew hard from the N. W. during the night; and this, too, in a region where the N. E. trades are supposed to blow steady. I and several others hold steadfastly to the opinion that the days of good old steady trade winds are gone, gone alas, like our youth, too soon! We now have to say, the prevailing winds are easterly, and the navigator must take it at that.

Saturday 30th.—The day commenced beautiful and fine; we all felt so happy and cheerful; got our position by 10 a. m. and found we had been set to the southward thirty miles by the currents, whereas I had anticipated being ten miles to the northward; however, currents in the neighborhood of all the Islands through-

out this chain are as mutable as a young girl's affections, so the Professor says. By noon we sighted the south end of the breakers and the islet at the same time. Stood in for anchorage and at 3 p. m. let go the anchor, exactly seven days from Honolulu. The sharks came around in hundreds to welcome us, which politeness we returned by inviting some twenty or thirty on board. They look quite interesting on deck. Jimmy is in ecstacies, Moses is happy, and Bill says, "Suppose go swim, catch hell."

THE FRENCH FRIGATE SHOALS.

These shoals are crescent shaped, as per plan. The islet is simply a rock one hundred and twenty-two feet high. It has several times been mistaken for a ship under full sail, as was the case of the whaler "South Seamen," the captain of which wishing to speak the supposed vessel, discovered the shoals properly, by having a part of the shoal under his ship's bottom. The ship broke up, but not until the crew saved the provisions and stuff to make tents of.

A short time ago a French ship made the same mistake, but being a steel ship, remains there.

These islands are much frequented by Japanese schooners, which in fact are overrunning the whole group; their crews are occupied in the laudable (?) object of exterminating all the sea birds of the North Pacific Ocean. They are getting on well with their undertaking, but their system is so barbarous

and cruel I have grave doubts about the truth of the assertion that Providence watches over all creatures. If I do not make a mistake, a sparrow is mentioned as an example of watchful care. The sparrow is a land bird, so perhaps Providence only looks after land birds. It is an old superstition that sea birds are all reincarnated sailors. If that is so, "The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" evidently considers his job finished when Jack shuffles off his mortal coil. It will not be long, I expect, before the Japs turn pirates. A few years at such frightful work and they will be fit for anything.

The French Frigate Shoals consist of thirteen sand islets. Some are profusely covered with scrub. The soil is composed of sand, broken coral and guano, of little or no value. The usual birds are there, or "were there," at the time of our visit; but the chief attraction is the shooting and fishing. When you go ashore in the morning you are so interested that it is with surprise you see the sun setting, time to go on board, provided you have not already got your camping outfit ashore.

Turtle are plentiful. On Turtle Island I counted several hundred, and there must have been ten times as many swimming about. Plover, peewit and curlew were plentiful at the time of our visit, and fish—"Oh, ye Gods!" Mullet, grey and speckled, thirty inches long; silver fish, parrot fish, ulua, jew fish and rock fish of hundreds of different varieties, among

which is the beautiful yellow tail—and sharks by the thousand.

Our daily routine was to get ashore about eight in the morning, turn turtles, as many as we would require, so as to have them ready to take on board. The turtle is helpless when put on his back, but if he sees you, he is hard to get, as in his rapid streak for the water he sends such a cloud of sand at you that you can rarely catch him.

Then fishing and shooting, going from one island to another exploring, testing the soil, and hundreds of other occupations occupy your time till evening, when, after a hearty meal, a pipe and "vat you please." You can sleep under the awning, the sleep of the just, to rise next morning and hurriedly gobble up some breakfast and bolt ashore as fast as you can.

A FAMOUS DISH—FOR A HUNGRY MAN.

As we had not much time to eat, it will not be out of place to mention our favorite dish, I might truthfuly say our only one. I do not read of it in Mrs. Beeton's art of cooking, nor have I ever had such food at the best hotels I have visited. I have named it "Kaalokai Potage," and the following is the method of its preparation: Take a pot holding five gallons and cleanse it thoroughly, put it on the fire with two gallons of water till the water boils, chuck in a pound of rice, (be particular about washing the rice), one pound of salt pork cut up in small pieces. Fry on the stove

plenty of turtle steaks, the chicken steak preferable; when nicely fried place it gently in the pot with the rest. Now, for the delicacies, open a tin each of corn, sugar peas, and tomatoes, and gracefully slide the contents of them into the said pot; add salt and pepper to taste. Now break a few biscuits up and add, with some partly boiled potatoes. (You can put the potatoes in raw when you put in the rice if you like.) Then add fresh fish, nicely cleaned and cut in chunks of one-half pound each; finally, add half a small bottle of Worcestershire sauce. In half an hour you can start in with a ladle, for the feast is ready. "Oh, for a smell of it!" "Oh, for a taste of it!" Sure, as Micky Free used to say, "It makes me mouth wather just to think of it." The appetite you have after being out all day is simply voracious. Three large soup plates of it, a pint of beer, and a pipe of good tobacco, constitute a royal repast.

On one of our explorations we found a plank painted green, which we instantly recognized as part of the "Wandering Minstrel" wrecked at Midway some four years previous. We also discovered where the crew of the "South Seamen" pitched their tent, the tent pegs being still there. The site of the restaurant was unmistakable; they must have enjoyed turtle, to judge from the hundreds of the upper shells we found there. From their account of their experience they had a gay and festive time, and brought away dried fish and shark fins enough to start them in life again.

For three nights we caught sharks, as many as eighty per night; but when we dumped their bodies overboard, they evidently mistook us for Japs of bloodthirsty propensities and left. On our fourth day, or

June 2nd, we got under weigh again and cruised about. We examined the islet, and steering from there N. E. anchored again. We found between two of the islands a fine channel, with fifteen feet of water at low tide, into the lagoon. This lagoon constitutes a fine harbor, well sheltered by the reefs from the eastward; and from the westward, northward and southward by the islets. A small vessel could heave down and repair here at any time, by having an anchor out and warps to the shore. This opening is N. E. by E. ½ E. by compass, from the islet.

Our time now is devoted to photographing and testing the soil of the different islets. We have quite a laboratory on board, but on no island can we locate guano of good quality. Fresh water we could not find, but at depths of eight feet we struck water of brackish quality. As heavy rains occur, with tanks that difficulty could be surmounted.

We found also that the N. W. horn of the crescent is rapidly extending, and in course of time will no doubt assume a circular form. After laying in a good stock of turtle and firewood, of which there is always an abundance, consisting of driftwood (there are several large logs over five feet in diameter nearly one hundred feet from the beach; they must have

been washed up during a heavy storm many years ago) and with a fresh catch of fish we took our departure, having had a week of capital enjoyment.

Saturday, June 6th, 5 p. m.—Lost sight of the islet, and are en route for Gardiner Island.

The weather is beautiful, sea smooth and wind light. During the night the chief officer reported a large school of sharks following the vessel. We offered them our proverbial hospitality, but they refused to accept of it. Choice pieces of red salmon and pork alternately were refused with disdain. I think they came in a body to see if we were really, really going for good. In an hour or two their minds were evidently made up, and they left us. Towards morning a beautiful specimen of the coryphee, commonly but erroneously called by sailors, the dolphin, came alongside. We were unable to hook him, but the mate took the grains and buried the two prongs in him; to our disgust the prongs broke off, and he swam away. During the afternoon an immense sword fish came along; his sword was about five feet long, and his body about fourteen. He looked lovely as he followed in our wake. Unfortunately our artist could not get a snapshot at him, thus proving the value of a kodak when on a cruise. We did not care about harpooning him, as he might have rammed us, which would have been a serious matter to both of us. After a brief visit of half an hour or so, he left.

We have now got the vessel into applie pie order, and if it were not for the cockroaches our happiness would be unbounded. Our cockroaches are certainly very inquisitive, not an article of any description escapes their attention. They are of a sociable nature, and while you are asleep will walk over you, exhibiting no symptom of nervousness. The forecastle, it seems, is their natural home. Their appetites are good. If they prefer one article of diet, to another, it's Moses' toe-nails, which they have eaten to the quick. We have a few barrels of dried mullet, the result of our fishing. The cockroaches are continually investigating those barrels, in a vain endeavor to get inside. This affords delightful amusement to Jimmy, who catches them and passes them over to the fish, who in turn investigate *them* with great gusto.

HORRORS—THE POI IS ALL GONE!

June 8th.—This morning there is sorrow depicted on the faces of Moses, Jimmy and Bill. The reason thereof is—horrors—the poi has given out! To those who have not lived in the Hawaiian Islands, and do not know what poi is, I will explain: Poi is made from taro, a bulbous root, in the following manner: The taro root or tuber is washed and boiled, then peeled and pounded in a wooden vessel especially made for that purpose. During the pounding process, water is continually added till the whole assumes the consistency of bill-sticker's paste. Then it is poi. This business

is now principally in the hands of Chinamen. They work laboriously at it, the perspiration pouring from their arms, face and body into the poi tub. This gives it the necessary flavor. To a stranger it looks disgusting and no inducement could be offered, that would make him get outside of a dishful. Poi when made at home, however, is one of the most nutritious articles of diet that can be found. It is easily digested, and forms the staple food of the Hawaiian race. Poi and raw fish make them happy; with the addition of a bottle of gin, technically called square-face, they become hilarious; more gin, boisterous; and so on.

Now that Moses, Jimmy and Bill have to eat hard tack and rice instead, they long for that which was but is not. The same feeling is experienced by those who go on a long voyage when the potatoes give out; then the backbone of the diet is gone. As we shall be absent some three months, we take the utmost care of our "spuds," picking and turning them every other day.

June 9th.—This afternoon a coryphee came alongside, and to our great astonishment it turned out to be the same one the mate grained two days ago. Being an expert harpoonist, he quickly grained it, and there sure enough were the two prongs in his body. It is a question for the naturalist to decide, whether fishes suffer pain or not. From the rapidity of this fish's movements and general demeanor, I am inclined to think they do not. You can get a shark, cut his belly open and

remove the contents, put him in the water again and the first thing he will do is to devour his own stomach. [Absolute fact.—Author.]

We had enough fish for all hands, with our prize. The flesh though dry is fair eating.

At noon we sighted Gardiner Island, and at 2:30 were up to it.

GARDINER ISLAND.

Gardiner Island is simply a rock one hundred and seventy feet high, or thereabouts, densely covered with birds. Hundreds of frigate birds were sailing majestically around it, watching with keen interest the results of the tropic birds' labors. It is interesting to watch them. The instant the tropic bird arises from the water with a fish in its mouth, our buccaneer makes a rapid dash for it. The tropic bird generally drops the fish, which is instantly seized by the robber and swallowed; but in some cases, the tropic bird dodges in every conceivable manner to escape his pursuer. Their cries when once heard are unmistakable, but they seldom get away. A heavy blow from the wings is sufficient to make them disgorge and take to the water. I was a witness to an occurrence of this description when the hawk was outmaneuvered by the tropic bird. My attention was attracted bv his screams. Closer and closer did the tropic bird go to the sea, till at last he touched the water. The hawk endeavored to seize him, but ventured too close, so he got his wings wet, and consequently was unable to rise. His fate was

sealed; he lay helpless, and drifted away to die.

The male hawk is of beautiful plumage. Its blood-red pouch, when poising or sailing in the air, is inflated to a great size, and makes him present to his viewers a magnificent spectacle.

We fired a gun and the reverberation was like distant thunder. The whole colony of birds arose, and the air was clouded with them.

There is no anchorage. The swell of the ocean breaks heavily even when the sea is calm. On the island's precipitous sides, the backwash or reflux rushes out a long way, making an experiment to land a very dangerour undertaking. To the westward there are a few detached rocks about seventy feet high. I could find no outlying dangers in our cruise around it, and as we could find nothing interesting or instructive to be gained, we took our departure at dusk and shaped our course for the Maro Reef.

JACK'S PRAYER.

June 10th.—Wind light and sea smooth. Nothing of any interest occurred except that the craft had suddenly stopped leaking. We sounded the pumps, no water. Moses was a second Othello, his occupation was gone. The fact stood, that Moses had drained his foster mother dry. Perhaps Moses, disgusted with the pump, silently prayed for a vacation, and his prayer was granted. I know of a similar case which occurrred a long time ago, which

may be aptly termed "Jack's Prayer." I may as well tell it:

A missionary brig was fitted out in London, to convey the glad tidings to the benighted heathen who inhabit the various islands that constitue Polynesia. A dozen young men with beautiful long, straight, black hair who had during their theological education demonstrated their ability and willingness to go forth and sow the seed, and incidentally acquire as much land as they could get for "mission purposes" in exchange for tracts and good advice, were passengers. The crew was shipped from the Sailors' Christian Home—men who in adition to a thorough knowledge of their duties as seamen, had religion. They neither smoked tobacco nor chewed it. Rum was their aversion, and a swear word produced a spasm of abhorrence. After a solemn farewell, in which prayers and hymns were mingled with speeches, the mud pilot took the vessel to Gravesend. The sea pilot then came on board and took her to the Downs, where she was anchored, it blowing hard from the westward at the time.

On the following day the wind blew into the N. E. The captain, anxious to get away, got under weigh, but lost an anchor and chain. Unfortunately, to make things worse, a sailor broke his leg, so that it was imperatively necessary to put into Portsmouth for another sailor, and replace the anchor and chain which were lost.

Now, the ordinary run of sailors that fre-

quented Portsmouth at that time were rough men-of-wars men. Good seamen and brave, generous to a fault, extremely partial to love, rum and tobacco, when on shore. Any religious training they had when children was apparently obliterated by their surroundings. 'Twas in vain that the captain searched high and low throughout Portsmouth for a sailor who had received grace. A fair wind was blowing, the new anchor and chain was on board, so there was no help for it but to ship a seaman at once, and evangelize him afterwards.

Now there were two classes of ships sailors of that day tried to avoid—frigates with a hard first lieutenant, and missionary vessels. The first named being preferable of the two. It was necessary to call in the aid of the boarding house master, who quickly shipped a man who had never been in any vessel other than a man-of-war. At the time of shipping he was somewhat mixed; he was quickly got on board, however, and the brig got away.

Boarding house masters are proverbial for their rapacity and utter want of feeling, but still even in the worst there is always laying dormant some good trait. It showed itself clearly in this case, for with a "Good-bye, Jack," he put a stock of tobacco in Jack's dunnage, i. e., clothes bag, sufficient to last him a long time.

Jack's life on board was not a happy one. He flatly refused to attend prayer meeting, morning and night, with his shipmates. The

earnest solicitations of the long-haired young men were repulsed with scorn. 'Twas in vain that special services were held to bring him into the fold. So, finally, the attempt was abandoned. Jack knew his duty and did it. His huge arms were tipped with fists that inspired respect.

Thus things ran on till, off the Cape of Good Hope, a heavy gale set in. Foretopmast and jibboom were carried away, but worse still the brig sprung a leak, which kept all hands at the pumps. After two days of incessant pumping by the crew—the passengers being occupied in prayer—an idea was mooted by one of the pumpers, that a long prayer, a strong prayer, and a prayer altogether, would no doubt have the desired effect of lessening the inflow of water, perhaps stop it altogether.

In vain did the missionaries, backed by the captain, implore them to stick to the pumps—*they* would do the praying—but no, their arms were tired and pray they must. At midnight they all proceeded to the cabin, leaving Jack at the pumps.

Jack, being now alone, gave vent to his feelings of disgust, in extra exertion with the pump break, i. e. handle. At last he flung it down, and said to himself, "I'm blessed if I don't have a pray, too." Acting on the idea he proceded to the lee side of the bow of the long boat. After carefully removing the quid of tobacco from his mouth, he knelt down; and reverently removing his sou'wester from his head, thus addressed the Lord:

"Lord, don't be skeered, it's only me. It's only Jack, poor blasted Jack. Lord, you know I never axed you for anything in my life, and wouldn't ax you now, but I am in a blooming fix. Lord, I am with a crowd who are asking you morning and night for something or another. Don't give 'em a damned thing, Lord, for if you do, they will squat on their knees and ask you for something else. They won't do their duty, and the blooming craft is sinking. Lord, I'll put you up to a wrinkle; the whole crowd have gone aft to ask you to pump the blooming ship out; don't you do it, Lord. See 'em in Ell first. I have a cussed cheek to ax you for a favor, but, Lord, if you will only work the oracle and get me out of this blooming mess, I'll never ask you for anything again in my life. Good-bye, Lord, ta ta."

Jack arose, and replacing his quid and head gear in their respective places, regained the pumps. All hands shortly came out of the cabin and resumed pumping. They pumped for half an hour when, lo! the weather pump sucked; in half an hour the lee pump sucked, also. The pump well was sounded, no water.

The brig was now headed for Capetown, where she arrived shortly afterwards. Jack was discharged, as a matter of course, and after a few days' spree, he booked on board one of H. B. M. ships, where he often told his shipmates of his experience, and that the Lord saved him, the crew and the passengers from drowning as a personal favor to him. No

doubt the personnel of the brig thought otherwise. It is an open question; but as the brig after her departure from Capetown was never heard from afterwards—why, probably Jack was right. However, this will give a fine opportunity to theological writers to demonstrate the efficacy of prayer.

June 11th.—Light winds.

Our time is now occupied in reading. We have a good stock of books, magazines and old papers. The wind is light and we make but little headway through the water.

June 12th.—On the afternoon of the twelfth, however, we had a change; the wind went to the southward, and it looked rainy. Towards night the wind increased; this is very annoying, as Maro Reef is very dangerous. The current during the last twenty-four hours set strongly to the southeast. As the weather grew worse, we bore away to the northward for ten hours, to avoid the dangerous reef which we were anxious to explore, i. e., Maro Reef; then stood on for Laysan Island.

June 13th.—Abreast of Maro Reef, thirty-five miles north.

LAYSAN ISLAND—ITS PECULIARITIES.

June 16th.—What with baffling winds, we did not reach Laysan Island till the morning of the sixteenth. It was a beautiful morning, wind N. E. fresh breeze. As we approached we saw a boat shoot out from the north side of the island. In an hour Gov. Freeth and his

boat's crew were on board. We had some letters and papers for them. While we stood in for the anchorage, we unloosened our tongues and unburdened our brains of all the news we could think of. It is awfully jolly, those moments when you meet faces you know, so far from home. Former disagreements are forgotten and friendships renewed. Enquiries of friends both social, political and religious are made and answered: Poor old Johnston pegged out. You don't say so—poor old chap! How he did love his lush. Miss Doughnuts got married. You don't say so. Whom did she marry? Young Lovespoon, in the bank. Jim Bighead has been left a fortune and gone away for good. May the devil go with him, he owes me five dollars! And so on, till we anchored on the northwest side of the island, and went ashore.

June 16th to June 20th.—Laysan Island was practically unknown, except to a very few, until 1890, when some samples of phosphate were brought from thence to Honolulu. An analysis was made, and proved satisfactory. A small steamer called the "Akamai" was sent to Laysan under charge of Mr. Freeth, and a thorough investigation made. On its return to Honolulu a company was formed under the auspices of the Pacific Guano and Fertilizer Company, and a settlement made. Mr. Freeth assumed charge under the high sounding title of Governor Freeth. He relinquished his position many years ago, and Hawaii nei mourns its loss. At the time of our visit the buildings

were about all completed. A mule tramway was constructed to convey the phosphate to the wharf. A watch-tower with a lantern served as a lighthouse during the loading months, April to the end of September. The winter months were utilized in filling the warehouse with phosphate.

Loading at Laysan is somewhat dangerous, as a change of wind from the northeast to the westward, necessitates the ship to leave. Still, no vessel has ever been wrecked there; loss of anchors, however, is not an infrequent occurrence.

If I were asked who discovered Laysan Island, I should have to reply, as the boy did when he was asked who signed the Magna Charter: "Please sir, it wasn't me."

Laysan Island has a distinguishing feature from the other islands in the chain, in that it has a small bird which runs along the ground; its wings are so small they resemble flippers more than wings. At first they were called wingless birds, but a careful examination shows them to be of the order Apteryges, of which the New Zealand Apteryx is a genus. The latter bird is about the size of a hen, only it has rudimentary wings and no tail. The Laysan bird is much the same, only smaller.

There is also a species of the European chaffinch, now commonly called the Laysan Island canary. It sings well and is hardy. The Professor brought one with him from the island.*

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* This same bird was still alive in September, 1909.

A salt lagoon over a mile in length, occupies nearly the middle of the island. Gov. Freeth says it is a foot lower than the sea level. It is very dense with salt.

There is an edible root, or tuber, on Laysan Island which is called the false yam. It has a long trailing vine. It was discovered accidently as follows: Some pigs were imported from Honolulu and fed daily. They wandered away and could not be found for several days. A general search was made for them, and when found instead of being dead, or next thing to it, for want of food, they seemed improved and in good condition. They had rooted up the yam, which on being analyzed proved to be nearly all starch. As large quantities exist on the island, very little other food is required for hog raising.

During the winter months Laysan, like all the other islands, is densely covered with birds—nice sociable birds. A peculiar trait of them is, that while at sea they will eat anything edible you may give them; on shore nothing can induce them to accept the slightest hospitality.

After remaining on the island some three days, the weather being beautiful we took our departure, to return to the Maro Reef for further investigation.

DANGEROUS MARO REEF.

June 20th.—Got underway and stood to the southward, and hauled on a wind, when about

two miles from the island. No dangers were visible.

June 22nd.—Today we sighted the Maro Reef. It consists of a circle of coral boulders just awash—not an inviting place to be in bad weather. We were getting on nicely, when it suddenly came to blow. The current ran to the northwest about three knots an hour. Still, we hung around "in the interests of navigation." As the sea got heavier, we lay to during the night, and at daylight we tackled it again. Our object was to discover an entrance, and if there existed an anchorage inside. All day we were plunging into the sea; but it was evident Providence did not want us to know much about the place. As we felt disinclined to dispute the wishes of Providence, we left and started for Laysan again. I think it is always bad weather at Moro Reef. In the winter months, when the heavy westerly seas which roll like mountains, set in, the "Maro Reef" must present a truly magnificent scene. So sublime! If only it could be viewed from a balloon.

On our way to Laysan, we opened a cask of shark meat, which we intended to present to the fertilizer works as a sample of high grade guano. Holy Moses! we were about twenty miles from Laysan, and Freeth smelt it! The smell was so atrocious he thought he would have to abandon the island. That's what he said. It smelt as bad as dead rats, and nearly as bad as limburger cheese. The cask and contents went overboard instantly.

Towards evening we lay to for the night, and next morning stood on; at 7 a. m. we sighted the island, and at 11 a. m. anchored in about the same place as before. We found a schooner there, from Honolulu, and got the latest news.

She was loaded with phosphate in a few days. So we got our letters and batch of Laysan canary birds to send by her.

The evening previous to the sailing of the schooner, Gov. Freeth gave us a complimentary dinner. When we had finished, we moved our chairs to the veranda, and sitting around a table well stocked with liquid refreshments, commenced to spin yarns. The Governor laid back in his chair, lighted a cigar, and told us an Australian convict story as follows:

THE CONVICT STORY.

In an old Sydney daily I read the marriage announcement of certain parties, one of whom we will call Basan—Smith is getting monotonous. I knew their families very well. There is a story connected with them which is worth telling. I will tell it as I heard it from the captain who took a part in the story—captain of a ship chartered by the government to convey convicts to Australia in the forties:

In ———— a gentleman named Basan had a lucrative business as a private money lender. His wife, a most beautiful woman, a good musician and vivacious, gave frequent entertainments to those whom she appreciated. The prettiest and jolliest young ladies were

always to be found at her dinners and card parties. Any young gentleman who occupied a respectable position, was always a welcome guest, and was made to feel perfectly at home. She would, should he be so unfortunate as to lose heavily at cards, privately admonish him with a sisterly affection not to play for such high stakes; doing so made her so fearfully nervous. Basan himself would chime in, and as his particular friend would take his simple note for a few hundred, should he require it. At the races or any other public entertainment, her friends would find the value of her acquaintanceship: her hamper was filled with the greatest delicacies, her champagne was of the best brand; and she, radiant with health, accompanied by the prettiest girls to be found anywhere, would act the hostess as few could.

Among her numerous acquaintances was a young gentleman named Sackville (that name will do as well as any other). He occupied a position as teller in the Branch Bank of England, in ————. He seemed to have, as Americans say, a barrel of money always at his disposal.

Before I go further I may state to those who are ignorant of the fact, that a Bank of England note never goes into circulation twice. When it is presented at the bank the corner is torn off, the amount paid in gold, the number registered—and the public sees it no more.

Mr. Sackville one day, through illness, was unable to attend the bank. During that same day a large amount of notes were paid in to

the credit of another bank in the city. The notes as usual were submitted to the registrar, who to his surprise found three that were already registered. A careful examination of the notes showed they were genuine. The clerk, waiting for the bank's pass book, was informed that there was some error and requested him to wait a little longer. The manager was informed. "Find out, said he, where the bank got the notes, from whom, and on what dates." There are gentlemen always at the Bank of England and its branches, who are never seen except on particular occasions. One of them casually followed the clerk to the bank from whence the notes came. It was soon apparent from the books, that they were deposited by a client named Basan. The police were communicated with instantly, and they looked up their records. "Basan, Jewish money lender; very sharp; wife keeps a stylish house; suspicious." Mr. Basan was quickly interviewed, and in return stated that he received them from a gentleman named Sackville. Immediate arrests followed. Basan was arraigned for participation. After a long trial Basan was sentenced to twenty years penal servitude, and Sackville to ten years imprisonment.

In a little over a month, Mr. Basan was a passenger in a ship especially chartered by H. B. M.'s government to convey to Australia, ladies and gentlemen who had to leave their country for their country's good.

Mr. Basan was appointed clerk to the store-

keeper on the ship, he being a good penman and accountant; consequently, he was noticed frequently by the captain. On their arrival at Sydney, the prisoners were distributed to the various prisons. After a year's probation, Mr. Basan by exemplary conduct, was permitted under the police regulations, to accept employment outside. He was fortunate to obtain a situation as coachman to a lady remarkable for her beauty, who had lately arrived, taken a house, furnished it, and as a business woman looked out for investments for her money.

About three years afterwards our friend, the captain, found himself again in Sydney. While leisurely walking up George street he noticed a handsome woman getting out of a phaeton, the coachman holding the horse. As the coachman turned around, the captain looked at his steadily, and passed on. "I know that man's face," thought the captain; "where on earth did I see him? He knew me, too, I think!" Business matters, however, soon made him forget about the meeting.

That night as the captain was sitting alone in his cabin calmly smoking a cigar, the steward told him a gentleman wished to speak to him. "Tell him to come in," was his reply. Mr. Basan entered the cabin (for it was he), and wished the captain good evening. "Why," said the captain, "you are the coachman I saw today! and I have been trying to recollect who you were, and where I had met you. Take a seat, have a cigar!" On removing his coachman's coat, the weather being warm, Mr.

Basan, who was draped in plain evening dress, disclosed his identity, and under a promise of secrecy, which was readily given, told his story.

It seems that after the trial his wife realized all she could, which was a goodly sum of money, and taking passage to Sydney under an assumed name, waited till she could employ him.

They were doing well. His wife had been fortunate in her investments. A cordial invitation to call and see them was given to the captain. They were, and many hundred like them are today, the most prosperous people in the Colony.

After Freeth had finished, I gave my old friend Capt. Purvis's deal in very bad sherry. Here it is:

SHERRY STORY.

About the year 1870 Yokohama was accredited with a harbor master in the person of Capt. Purvis, R. N. He was refused recognition by some of the foreign consuls, and particularly by the American. However, it mattered very little to him. He had a comfortable place at Benten, and an office adjoining the custom house; a boat and boat's crew, and a good salary. He came up from Hongkong in the good old P. & O. steamer "Aden."

Among the passengers were several tea tasters, "chazees" they call them in China. They were young men who commenced life in groc-

ers' shops in England, at salaries of about ten to twenty shillings per week; but happening to possess discriminating palates in the different flavors of teas, they obtained situations in China and Japan at very large salaries. The airs that these young men used to assume generally showed their innate caddishness. Sherry seems to be their favorite tipple, of which they imbibe large quantities with an occasional B. and S. During this particular trip of the Aden, by some unaccountable reason, the stock of sherry ran out in a few days after leaving port, and recourse was had to some sherry that had been in the vessel some ten years, but was pronounced to be such bad sherry that nobody would touch it. To use the description of one of the chazees, "it was beastly 'orrid sherry, hawful nuisance you know."

Captain Purvis perfectly agreed with them, sipped it, placed his eyeglass to his optic, looked at it and finally remarked that it was damned bad sherry. He drank it though, as he said a poor devil must drink something.

On the arrival of the packet at Yokohama, he called the steward to one side and asked him how many cases of that wretched sherry there was. After an examination the steward reported there were twenty-five left. "Now," said Purvis, "I shall have in my official capacity to give an occasional dinner, and as the Japs don't know good sherry from bad, it will just suit me if I could get the stuff for a few dollars a case. I make you an offer for the lot

at three dollars per case." After a consultation with the agent, his offer was accepted—and thus the ship got rid of the stuff which kept the steward in despair whenever the stock of sherry ran short.

When Capt. Purvis was comfortably settled in his quarter, he issued an invitation to dinner to some of his friends. It was mooted around that the captain had brought up with him some very choice old Madeira wine, which he was to sample at the dinner. The dinner was a great success. Old genuine Madeira is a scarce article, and the captain's wine was acknowledged to be of the best. Great was the demand that as a particular favor he would part with a few cases. He let a few have some, about ten cases in all, at the modest figure of thirty-five dollars per case. The P. and O. agent was highly gratified in getting two cases at that figure.

In a year or so, it somehow or other leaked out that choice old Madeira, no matter how good, makes very bad sherry, and Purvis knew it.

Berry was unable to recollect a tale, so at their urgent solicitation I gave them my sad experience in attempting to give up the smoking habit. I may as well repeat it:

TOBACCO STORY.

I once made an attempt to give up smoking. I informed the crew that on leaving Yokohama I should not have any tobacco on board. The

idea spread around and everyone who smoked or chewed, made the same resolution, to give up a bad habit. In our condemnation of tobacco, we said it was a filthy habit, and were determined to get rid of it. When we left, we had each about half a plug to taper off with. I cut my piece into twenty small daily smokes, but somehow I encroached on the following day's allowance each day, and at the end of the week, not a particle of the weed was on board. We evidently did not take enough to taper off with, and we felt very bad. In a few days we hunted everywhere to see if by chance a piece could be found. One man, a heavy chewer, showed the effect of the loss of its soothing influence. He ate little or nothing, his cheeks fell in, and the feelings of nausea were constantly occurring. We tried chamomile flowers, tea leaves, and everything we had, but without success.

After two months had passed the steward one afternoon came to me and said he knew where there was a whole plug of tobacco; it was in the second mate's room and must have been there for years, he said. He discovered it by taking out the bed, and under the canvas which covered the bottom of the bunk, there lay the prize! I quickly secured it, and lit up without much delay. The fumes were, however, wafted as if by magic into the nostrils of every man on deck. Looks of joy spread around, and everyone hastened aft to get some, thinking that after all, I had some stowed away. I shared the plug equally with them

—that is, I took half and divided the balance equally all around, and when that was finished we had to wait until we arrived in New York.

When off Sandy Hook we took the pilot on board, who immediately proceeded to tell us the news. Sherman had completed his march to the sea, and the Civil war was about over. The following is very nearly a correct description of our conversation:

Pilot: "Captain, we have glorious news!" "Steady your helm my lad (to the helmsman), square the mainyard." "General Sherman—" "That will do my man, just steady as you go. I say Pilot, have you any tobacco?" "General Sherman, Cap—" "Well, the mainyard, check in forward yards, Mr. Mate." "Yes, Captain, Sherman——" "I was asking you if you had any tobacco?" "Captain, there will be grand times when we get up town!" "Have you any tobacco?" "Where are you going to? Keep her just as I told you." "Captain, the whole world will now see—" "Tell me, have you any tobacco? Mr. Mate, get a range of twenty fathoms on each chain!"

"Now, Captain, I guess I can tell you the news. General Sherman—" "Oh, damn General Sherman! Who is he, anyhow?" "Captain, are you a Reb.?" "A Reb.? What's that? I am asking you if you have any tobacco?" "Tobacco? No captain, I have not, I don't smoke."

I left him to pursue his avocation. Presently a tug came along. "Hello! Hello! want a tug, captain?" "Don't know, have you any

tobacco?" "Boys, have you any tobacco? I don't smoke you know. No, none." "No, don't want a tug." Presently another tug came along. Same question on each side. "Yes, captain, any amount. Pass that package aboard! Got it?" "Yes, thank you." "Want a tug?" "Yes."

Smoking on deck in working hours is contrary to all ideas of discipline, but sometimes circumstances alter cases. This was one of them. For half an hour we all smoked as if our salvation depended upon it, and I got the pilot to tell me all about Sherman and his great feat.

I never again tried to do without smoking, and never will.

After finishing my tale, we repaired on board the "Kaalokai" and turned in. Next morning we placed "the mail" and presents for friends on board Berry's packet. Our crew helped him to pick his anchor up, and make sail, and with our good wishes he was soon out of sight.

We had nothing more to detain us. Governor Freeth kindly supplied us with an extra dozen signal staffs which we needed; also some fresh water, an article which is scarce occasionally, particularly after a long spell of dry weather. Their houses are covered with galvanized iron, and they catch all the rain water that falls on them. Iron tanks are placed by each house to store it. The water from the

wells is too brackish to drink. Not even fit to wash in. So after a farewell evening on shore, we took our departure. Most of the fellows came on board to see us off. We lost an anchor and piece of chain, not being able to clear the anchor from the reef.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF THE SHARK.

June 27th.—Left Laysan and bore away for Lisiansky Island. It was discovered by a captain of that name, in the Russian ship "Neva," which discovered it too much. His ship struck one of the boulders that lay awash from a bearing from the south end of the island, E. by S. to S. W. to W. No account of the damage he sustained is recorded.

We had a fine trip and amused ourselves catching sharks. We have now quite a stock of shark fins, which fetch in Honolulu twenty-five cents per pound, but in Canton, China, would be worth double that amount.

Shark fin soup is highly esteemed by the Chinese. Bird's nest soup is still more appreciated, and in Pekin sometimes fetches a fabulous price. It puzzles me, why the Americans with all their ingenuity, cannot make a marketable bird's nest. One would naturally imagine that men who can imitate a ham so effectually that people can eat five before they find out that they are made of wood, could easily fabricate a bird's nest and make a fortune thereby. Who knows but they are already doing it?

It may not be amiss to give a description of

the shark, with regard to its commercial value. First, there are various kinds of sharks. The blue shark is very large, sometimes exceeding thirty-five feet; but it is of no use that I know of. The white shark *(cacharias vulgaris)* is the most valuable. Its flesh, when properly dried, is a fertilizer of great value. The skin is known as "Shagreen," in commerce, and worth about fifteen to twenty-five cents per pound. The liver gives a clear limpid oil, and is sold, after being properly prepared, as cod liver oil. The fins, as already stated, have a ready sale among the Chinese. I have often drank shark-fin soup, but I think it is improved with a little Worcestershire sauce. I'm not stuck on it, though, by any means. There is a proper method in cutting out a fin. The dorsal fin is the most valuable. It must not be cut off level with the back; take your knife and dig it out so as to get the sinews which reach the spine. The other fins in the same maner. Dip in brine as strong as you can make it and hang up to dry. When dry, stow away, turn them out in the sun occasionally to re-dry, as they absorb moisture. A dorsal fin of a very large shark weighing eight pounds, has often been sold in Canton and Peking as high as $8.00 per pound Mex. [Information derived from a shark-fin merchant in Hongkong.]

LISIANSKY ISLAND.

June 29th.—8 a. m. sighted Lisiansky Island, bearing S. W., distance five miles. Steer-

ed west true, and at 11 a. m. island bearing S. by W. Could see the bottom; sounded, twenty fathoms. Hauled in and stood W.S.W. 9 a. m. bottom plainly visible; 18 fathoms. The boulders of coral have a lovely appearance, the deepest blue, varied with pink, red, green, purple, in fact every color imaginable. We are now approaching the coral wall, in soundings of ten and twelve fathoms. 10 a. m. island north end S. E.; stood S. W. and at 10:30, being a mile from the reef, stood due south. Shortly afterwards saw the opening clearly defined by the north and south rocks. The south end of the island now bears N. 85 deg. E. Stood in, worked our way to anchorage, avoiding the numerous coral patches; anchored about half a mile from the shore.

We had a hurried lunch, and proceeded on shore. Right around the island is a beautiful sandy beach about one hundred feet wide; above that the low scrub brush commences. Seals were sleeping on the beach, and the most appetizing mullet nearly three feet long, were in shoals everywhere. The island is a little paradise, or could be made one, at a moderate cost. Ten to twelve feet is about the height of the island, but a hill about forty-five feet high running nearly the whole length of the island, is on the eastern side. There was formerly a lagoon, but it is now filled up. There is a small amount of good guano which could easily be removed. We estimated it at one thousand tons. There were no sea birds, as all had left. Plover, curlew and peewits

were plentiful. After a peaceful stroll around the island we returned on board. Our supper was really fine; curlew potage and fried mullet. The mullet here are over thirty inches long and taste equal to those in Honolulu. [Honolulu has an enviable reputation with respect to its fish—the delicacy of its flavor; and the various varieties are unequalled by any place in the whole world.] After supper we caught enough fish of every description to fill a barrel, and a big barrel at that. If there is an occupation that a native likes more than another, it is fishing. They will remain up all night or as long as the fish will bite.

June 30th.—So anxious were we to get on shore, that we had breakfast at 6:30, and getting our instruments and paraphernalia into the boat, we went. Towards evening the island had quite a holiday appearance, with its numerous station staffs surmounted by a flag. While our party were busy triangulating the island, the rest were *shooting* mullet. A shoal of mullet would come up to the edge of the beach with their noses out of the water; a discharge of buckshot would knock over a dozen or so. Jumping into the water quickly is necessary, as young sharks with healthy appetites are around in great numbers, and it is simply a question who gets the mullet. Again, you have to be on your guard, for they are apt to imagine your bare legs are a species of mullet and take a vicious snap at them. It requires at least two people to fish in that style—one

to look after the sharks, while the other secures what he shoots.

We got a few seals. They are the ordinary hair seal. We secured some oil, but of a poor quality. We dug for water, but it was slightly brackish. Perhaps if we had time to wait, say a week or two, it might improve.

From our point of observation on the south end of the island, breakers were visible to the southward as far as our eyes could reach. On examining the extent of this dangerous ground, we found coral boulders level with the water, thirty miles south of the island and fifty miles east and west. To the north, no dangers were found.

We remained at Lisiansky until July 5th. The day previous to leaving being the Fourth, we celebrated it in a most becoming manner. We ornamented the ship with bunting. As we had no copy of the Declaration of Independence to read, we whistled the Star Spangled Banner, shouted E Pluribus Unum, Erin go bragh, until eleven o'clock a. m.; we then drank to the health of the President of the United States, all hands giving a hearty cheer.

As our work was all done, we took an afternoon holiday. At eight o'clock p. m. we toasted the President again. I may mention, but this of course in the strictest confidence, Moses and Bill would have toasted him, or anybody else, during the remainder of the night, had they the "material".

July 5th.—5 a. m. got under weigh and carefully avoiding the numerous coral patches,

passed out of the opening and stood for the Pearl and Hermes Reef. The bottom was visible on leaving for about a mile. After stowing the anchor and chains, we resumed our normal duties of sea life. In the saloon reading, eating and sleeping; the crew overhauling the fish and fins, of which we have a good stock.

The crew are hauling in a shark, so I must get on deck.

After we had got the shark on board, we observed two sucker fish inside the upper part of his mouth. It was the largest shark we had caught, measured nineteen feet long, and weighed about fifteen hundred pounds. We got about thirty gallons of good oil; twenty pounds of fins, and his jaw we cleaned and polished. His tail ornaments the end of the jibboom. Strange to say the suckers lived for four days, fastening themselves on the deck. They had no nutriment except what water they absorbed while the decks were being washed, which operation does not take many minutes.

I do not think I have mentioned the manner in which a shark can be taken on board quickly and surely. When shark catching, a handy line is passed aft to the stern outside everything, from the waist or middle of the vessel. A piece of hemp rope is used for a running bowline, through which the shark line is passed. On the shark being hooked, he is gradually drawn up to the stern. Now a shark can easily be led up to the stern, but the instant you attempt to pull him out of his native

element, he opens the ball with a swish of his tail, and a twist; at the same time he generally breaks the hook or line, or gets away somehow. If he is still held on, he has to be played out, which is a long job; haul him up carefully, one man does that, the other man, the instant his head is out, slips the bowline over him and hauls it tight. He is now caught by the middle or under the fins. Haul tight the bowline; the men in waist, haul tight; the hook line is let go, and our visitor is rapidly hauled forward, where a tackle and strop is ready to hoist him in. His tail will strike the deck with such force when landed, that you think he will break the planks. In case of the shark being very large, his spine about the neck is cut through with an axe, before being taken on board—it facilitates the *post mortem.*

July 6th.—During the morning watch after coffee, while the decks were getting washed down, several coryphæna came along sporting about our craft. They look so beautiful; their bright colors, which vary with their movements, make a lovely picture which cannot be painted. The mate was quickly on deck with the grains. Presently, whiz! and in a few moments one was on the deck. It will look lovely in the pot, he drolly remarked. He was none too soon, for a shoal of flying fish came along—and then we only saw the dolphin at a distance, jumping after their natural prey.

During the morning I observed a statement of James Payn, in his note-book column in the *Illustrated News,* that he detested anything

pertaining to nautical experiences. In answer to his remarks, I can say that the works of Capt. Marryat and others, will be eagerly sought for and read, when his cynical works will be like most things human, forgotten and consigned to oblivion.

Our craft goes very slow! It seems, she goes slower every day, notwithstanding a good breeze and all sail on. If it were not for faith, we would give up all hopes of ever reaching our destination, or anywhere else. Faith is as Mr. Dooley would tell Hennessy, faith is a grand thing. They say it will remove mountains, but I would back a steam shovel any day and give odds.

Faith is one of the component parts of nearly every religion, if not of all. Some have a great deal more faith than others. In India a certain sect have faith in the river Ganges, as a means of reaching eternal life; others again by being devoured by the crocodile, which makes the Ganges its home. If a baby is sick, they will not risk it dying a natural death, but will leave it where some crocodile is in the habit of coming in search of a square meal—that insures its salvation.

A friend of mine who occupied the position of surveyor, was employed in India for a considerable length of time. He was stationed at some place (I forget the name) on the banks of the Ganges. In the evening he would take his rifle and amuse himself shooting at crocodile as they came up from the water. He became quite proficient. After he had been there

for some months, two tourists came along, and after the usual self-introductions, they enquired the distance to the nearest place of accommodation. They were much pleased to find that at the "shebang" where my friend stayed, they could have a shakedown each.

On arriving at the place they were agreeably surprised to find a commodious bungalow, comfortably furnished; a good chef, and well stocked cellar. After a bath they felt ready for dinner, which was immediately served. Their conversation varied considerably, but at last the question of faith was touched on. My friend averred there was as much solid faith to be found in his district as could be found anywhere, and proved it in the following manner:

He invited them to a crocodile shooting match after dinner, but as no crocodile put in an appearance, they returned to the bungalow and spent the balance of the evening drinking brandy pawnee, and smoking choice Burmese cigars.

Our surveyor next morning had a quiet conversation with the proprietor of the hotel, who stated that he would see to it that his guests should have some sport. "You see," said he, "crocodile like small sick child; sick child make bobbery, crocodile quick come; speak your friends; give two rupee, poor mother bring sick baby quick."

If there is anything that an Americanized Anglo-Saxon is celebrated for, it is his disinterested benevolence; and the tourists being

Americans were no exception to the rule. On the proposition being made to them, they both stated that the poor mother or mothers could have not only two rupees, but five!

The good host erected a platform about seven feet high at a sixty foot range from the water, for the convenience of the shooting party. When evening came they were very much surprised at the number of sick babies there were on hand; in fact, it looked as if a terrible epidemic had struck the district.

The party mounted the platform, rifles in hand. Three pieces of animated bait were placed about twenty feet from the water. No sooner did the trio commence to sing, than there was a violent commotion in the river. Four huge crocodiles soon appeared, wending their way rapidly towards the bait. Bang! bang! bang! went the rifles. One huge reptile rolled over; the shot that told came from the surveyor. The other crocodiles soon each had an immortal soul in his inside, and scampered away to the river, under a heavy fire. A couple of hours were thus pleasantly passed, during which time thirty-five pieces of animated bait were transformed by faith, through the medium of "Crocodiles who lived in the Ganges," to be cherubim or seraphim. This, too, at the trifling cost of two hundred rupees! [About $64, United States money.]

PEARL AND HERMES REEF.

July 7th.—At daylight this morning we sighted the breakers on the south of the Pearl

and Hermes Reef. We had but a light breeze, but as the current was setting fast to the northward, we arranged our long anchor rope on deck with a kedge. This is a maneuver not known generally to deep sea captains. Those in the China trade, especially opium schooners, are well acquainted with the practice. I learned it there. A good four hundred fathom rope is put on board before leaving port. When a calm comes on, with a contrary current, should you have soundings even as deep as ninety fathoms, you let go your lightest kedge anchor; put out your rope till the vessel is brought to a stand-still. When the current reverses and is in your favor, there is no trouble in hauling in the line; run your kedge up quickly, and drift away in the direction of your course.

During the change of monsoons in the China Sea, it is nearly always calm, and I once made a passage from Hongkong (on my way to England) to Gaspar Straits in that manner. It was amusement to us to see vessels drifting away past us clear out of sight, while we were calmly riding at anchor till the current changed.

On getting within a half mile from the reef, we let go our kedge in thirty fathoms; lowered our sails, and had breakfast.

When we had finished breakfast we took the boat, but could find no opening in the reef, so returned to the vessel. What a place this is for fish! In a few hours we had the deck full of all kinds, which were duly cut open, brined

and set out to dry. Towards evening the northeast trades set in, so we got up anchor and stood for the west end. Finally, in a nice, well-sheltered place, we anchored. After supper we listened to the music that Jimmy and his guitar furnished, and went to sleep, while the watch on deck were fishing for all they were worth!

July 8th.—This morning we started again. Skirting the reef, we counted eight islands, none of any considerable elevation. Finding as we thought the opening, we hauled in and beat up about a mile and a half, only to find we had struck the wrong passage. We anchored in the afternoon. We could have taken the boat over the reef and got to one of the sand islands about three miles from us, but preferred waiting till next day.

Pearl and Hermes Islands consist of about twelve islets, some densely covered with scrub, resembling the French Frigate Shoals.

They were discovered, like a great many other islands have been, not so much by celebrated navigators as by the keels of ships.

Two whalers were wrecked there in 1822, on the same night within ten hours of each other, and from the names of the whalers these islets take their name.

Some of our most respected, wealthy residents are descendants of those who were on board the ill-fated vessels.

July 9th.—We got under weigh and ran out from our anchorage, and stood to the northward. We found the entrance, but the weath-

er looked threatening, heavy clouds gathered up to the westward. We had some heavy rain with variable winds, but at midnight it cleared up. The northeast wind came along fresh and we headed for Midway Islands, where, in 1888, my ship, the "Wandering Minstrel," was wrecked while anchored in Welles Harbor, February 3rd.

MIDWAY ISLANDS.

At midnight hove to and caught fifteen sharks; at daylight sighted Midway Islands. There was the old house, still standing! Stood on to westward past the barrier reef, then hauled to the southward till the channel or passage was open; then hauled in and worked up to the anchorage, and anchored about the same place we did with the ill-fated "Wandering Minstrel."

July 10th.—After dinner, or one p. m., we went on shore. We felt a sickening feeling in our throats as we landed, and went up to the house. It was in bad repair. We looked for the well, but it was filled up, so we started to dig a new one. We brought four casks with us, so as to leave behind a good well for future visitors. My two sons (they were the mates) and I, then explored the deserted village. The mutton birds were occupying the houses, and their dismal cries, like the wail of a lost soul, made us very dismal indeed. We imagined we were still there as of old, but no *Ma* was there, sitting on the steps with her starved and eager face, asking us if we had had any luck in pro-

curing some food! A few remarks regarding the wrecked ship will not be out of place here.

WRECK OF THE "WANDERING MINSTREL."

The "Wandering Minstrel" was purchased in Hongkong by "The Shark Fishery Company, Limited," of that port, for the purpose of shark fishing. Sailors believe in lucky and unlucky ships. I never did—but I do now. She ruined her builders; everyone that owned her, regretted it; and when I purchased her, the money paid was to satisfy a mortgage.

From the time of sailing, Friday, October the 13th, 1887, we had nothing but gales, a typhoon and ill luck, till our arrival at Honolulu, where we called for repairs. Having made a change of officers and effected the necessary requirements, we renewed the voyage. Wherever we went we had bad weather, and finally when we sighted Midway we spent three days waiting for the sea and wind to moderate. We entered Welles Harbor, never to get out again. It was gale after gale, till finally the chains parted, and after the ship struck heavily several times, we left her and got on shore, but not without great difficulty.

The following morning the wind was still blowing furiously. The remains of the wreck consisting of a portion of the stern, with the mizzenmast laying upon it, was visible through the blinding spray. The rest was taken out to sea by the strong current, and we were thus without food. Some clothes and a few tins of provisions were washed ashore.

In about two months' time part of the stern was washed up on the beach opposite the "Hut," from which we secured some clothing and a chest containing some valuables.

On our arrival at Midway we found a man named Jorgensen on the island. He had been left there by his shipmates, having, as they stated, shot the captain and a man named Brown, while on Green Island collecting food previous to their departure. They were the crew of the schooner "General Siegel," which was wrecked there about a year previous to our arrival. The balance of the crew of that vessel reached Jaluit, Marshall Islands, in a boat, and returned to Honolulu by a vessel which called at Jaluit en route to the Hawaiian Islands.

This Jorgensen became a very objectionable character, and we were not sorry at his departure, in company with the mate and a Chinese boy, in October following the wreck of the "Wandering Minstrel." They also reached Jaluit.

About three months after the wreck six of the crew took the best boat we had, at nighttime, and went to Green Island, and from thence the following day started for the open sea. A heavy gale set in that night, and there is no doubt all perished, as no tidings were ever heard of them.

Our life was one continual hunt for food. Six men left for Green Island and lived there and were never sick, though the water was a dirty greenish color, owing to decayed vegeta-

ble matter. Several of us on Sand Island, however, were ill with scurvy. Three died. We were, on the arrival of the schooner which took us away, in a deplorable condition.

It was with unexpressible feelings we saw the vessel enter the harbor, and after a delay of eleven days to enable the sick to recuperate sufficiently to get on board, we bid good-bye to the scene of our fourten months' captivity—on the 29th day of March, 1889.

The anchors and chains and iron tanks are still to be seen at the bottom, and every now and then relics are cast up on the beach, though at this writing (1909) it is twenty-one years since she was wrecked.

Midway consists of two islets, one to the eastward being composed of coarse broken coral, densely covered with scrub. We called it Green Island. During the breeding season it is the home of millions of sea birds. From November until April, the goonie predominates; May till the middle of July, the tern; man of war hawk and tropic bird during the summer until the middle of autumn; divers, gannet, a few ducks, curlew, plover and peewit all the year round. There is a beautiful little white bird, very noisy, which flies around your head and warns all other birds of your approach. We called it the sand dove.

Water can be got by digging about eight to nine feet, but it is green in appearance, perfectly fresh, but not pleasant to drink.

Sand Island to the westward is what its

name implies, being composed of sand with a base of coral. The sand dunes are held together by sand scrub. The highest dune, nearly in the middle of the island, is about fifty feet or over. The water on this island is got by digging five feet; it is very good, but is charged with lime. Our experience of it was, that a continuous use of it, with a low diet, say one meal every day, and that to consist of either goonie or salt fish, produced beri beri, which is a mixture of scurvy, rotten gums, rheumatism, distended stomach, appendicitis and a few other symptoms, which ends in death.

These islets are partly surrounded by a lava wall, varying in width from ten to thirty feet, with occasional small passages, particularly to the southward. There is a deep lagoon, full of porpoises occasionally, but unapproachable to any vessel drawing more than four feet.

The harbor is called Welles Harbor. It has several coral patches with nine feet of water on them. The anchorage is unsafe during the winter gales, as the holding ground is bad, being broken coral. The entrance is about W. N. W. from the large sand dune. It is dangerous to visit from the first of November till the end of March; the rest of the year, during which time the northeast trades blow fairly regular, the place is like a millpond.

Midway Islands were first brought into prominent notice by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company making them a coaling station for their China and Japan steamships. The

station proved a failure, however; but evidences of the attempt are (or were, at our time,) plainly visible. The people stationed there must have been fond of canned provisions, judging by the number of empty cans all over the island. Their scow we found and broke up for the spike nails. Some anthracite coal is still there in two or three places.

Our mate brought some wingless birds from Laysan and let them go on Green Island. Some five years afterwards the island swarmed with them.

Green Island was a pretty island to roam about, prospecting for food. Eggs and fish are plentiful there when nothing can be obtained on Sand Island, and though the water is unpleasant to see or to taste, not one man that lived on it had any symptoms of sickness.

OCEAN ISLAND.

Sixty miles from Midway Islands, in a W. N. W. direction, is Ocean Island. It is nearly the same as Midway, but is frequented by seals, while Midway is not. The United States steamer "Saginaw" was lost there; also the British ship "Donatter Castle." Both were total wrecks. The crew of the "Donatter Castle" reached Kauai in their boat. Unfortunately several lives were lost in making a landing. When the survivors were sufficiently recuperated, they were sent to Honolulu.

King Kalakaua, in 1886, annexed Ocean Island to the Hawaiian group, and caused to be placed there a rude house, with tanks for wa-

ter and provisions for any other unfortunates that might be cast away there. The provisions were stolen in less than twelve months time.

During our stay on Midway we recovered various article from the wreck of the "Wandering Minstrel." We filled our deck with fish; shot curlew by the dozen and got a few ducks of the teal species. On Green Island there is a fishing bank on the west side where with a net thousands of mullet, silver and parrot fish can be had at one draw.

Drift-wood from America and Japan is everywhere washed up high and dry on the beach. The skeleton of a sperm whale was on Sand Island, and may be there yet. A tree six feet in diameter was also on Sand Island.

Late in the afternoon of the day following our arrival, we descried a sail to the eastward of the islands. It appeared so small we came to the conclusion that it was a boat from some shipwreck that was endeavoring to find an entrance. During the night we started a fire on one of the hills, or sand dunes, to attract their attention. Next morning we were surprised to see a schooner making for the entrance, and in a few hours she anchored close to us. It proved to be the schooner "Chas. B. Wilson" of San Francisco. Captain Milander, a navigator well known in the North Pacific, commanded her. We went on shore together and had a look at the old house. I related our fourteen months' experience on this sand bank to him; he seated himself on the old plank we

used to use for our seat, but in a few moments he suddenly rushed out, saying, "I could not stay there! It feels like a living tomb!" (I never entered it afterwards.) After getting a supply of fish and water, he left for San Francisco.

It seems curious that we should have had to stay fourteen months before a vessel arrived, when we so sadly needed one; and now, when not in need, a vessel calls here the next day. Such is the eternal cussedness of things in this world!

We spent ten days on Midway, during which time we sank a fine well with the casks, with a cover on the top to prevent it getting choked with sand. A notice board was placed on the house, to direct visitors where they could obtain water. Then, with a good supply of fish, curlew, and water, we prepared for sea.

We did not forget to arrange the graves and put up some planks to mark the last resting place of those who had died on the island during our fourteen months' imprisonment. Some fresh graves had been added to the number, evidently by Japanese who had been fishing there.

I may mention that Midway is visited by hurricanes. We had one during our captivity, August 11th, 1888. It commenced with a steadily increasing gale from the northeast with a very high barometer, which soon fell rapidly. When the wind got to the east, the barometer fell one inch and a half; at south another three-tenths; aft southwest rising

again, and at north the weather cleared up. A full description can be had by reading the diary.

Eels of great size are caught, but are disagreeable to handle. One day I and "Ladrone" Thomas, (so-called on account of his thieving propensities) went to the barrier reef to fish. We had great success; we caught enough to half fill the boat. In one of the great holes in the barrier, to our surprise, we saw something moving around. It turned out to be an eel of nine inches in diameter. We saw about forty feet of him coiled around the boulder, and then we suddenly recollected an important appointment with the Colonial Secretary, so jumped into the boat, leaving our fish and some fishing tackle behind! We often got eels six feet and over. They have a head like an alligator, and as they are difficult to kill, or get in the boat, we generally let them have the hook to get rid of them.

The distance between the islands is about three miles, and to persons weak from hunger it is a long pull.

July 19th.—We got under weigh early in the morning. We cruised all around the reef, going as close as one thousand feet sometimes, but no dangers were visible, nothing but deep water on the west side. Soundings extend one mile from the entrance. The anchorage is studded with coral patches which are liable to cause the loss of an anchor. Having gone around the reef, we headed for home.

It was with feelings of pleasure that we left Midway. The recollections of our fourteen months' residence there in a starving condition were anything but cheerful; and "off for home" has always an enlivening effect on the system.

Homeward bound—for Honolulu—beautiful Honolulu, justly called the "Paradise of the Pacific." I am unable to state how many residents there are who came as visitors, either on business or pleasure, and remained permanently. Many, like myself, are sea waifs, rescued from shipwreck, brought here and declined to move on, but commenced life anew, and are now well satisfied with their decision.

For genuine hospitality to worthy strangers (and very often to very unworthy ones) the people cannot be outdone; and more especially from the old missionary families who have prospered exceedingly in these islands. The second generation of the missionaries, who are now well up in years, constitute the wealthy class, controlling nearly everything.

The beautiful residences, enclosed in park-like grounds, with abundant tropical foliage, add to the beauty of the place.

The climate is simply grand. Very seldom does the thermometer exceed 87 deg. in summer, a fair mean average is about 80 deg. No wonder those who visit us, come again and again.

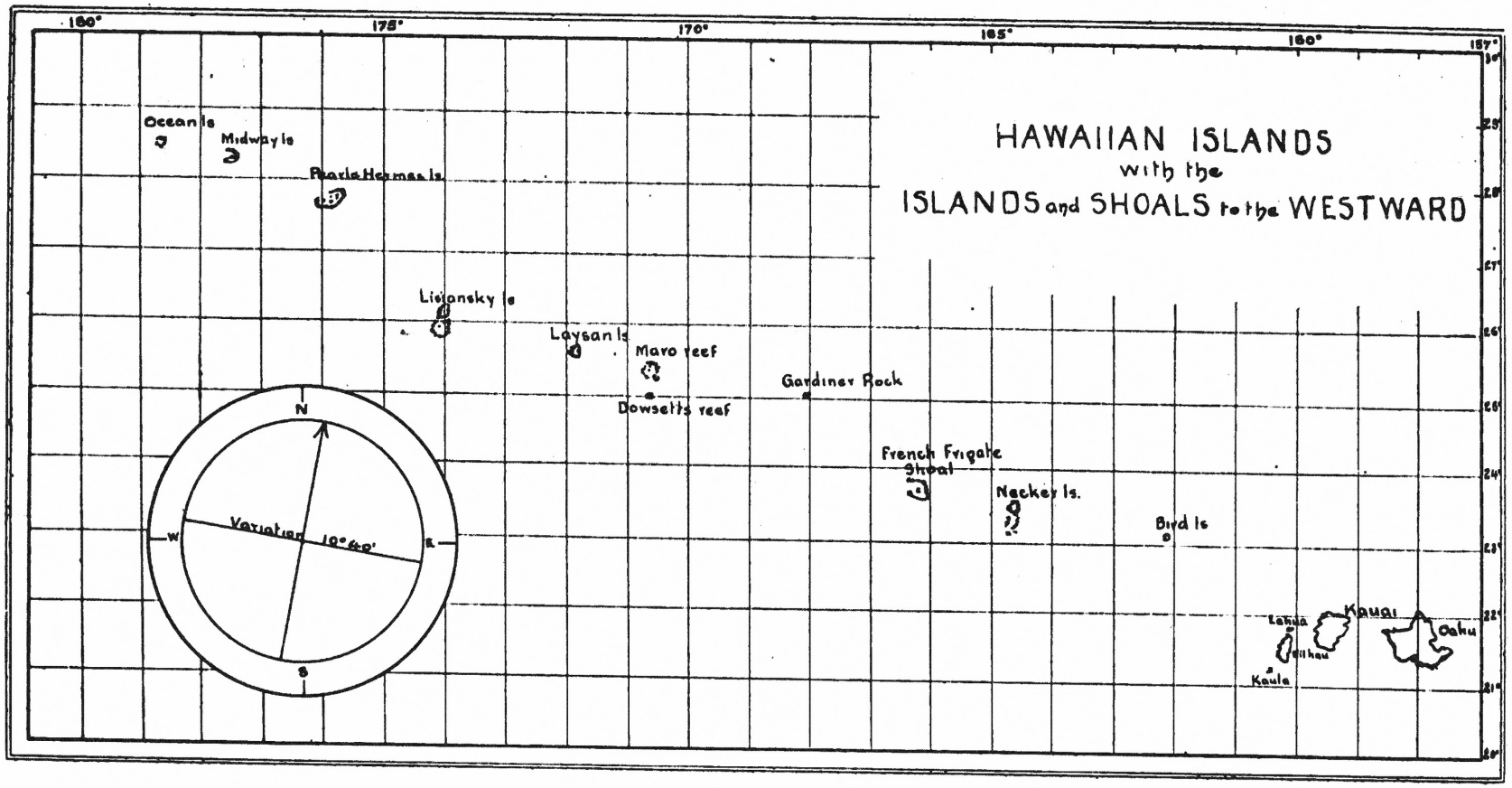
Nothing of interest took place on the passage home, where we arrived August 3rd, 1891.

We had enough shark fins, dried fish, shells, etc., to pay the expenses of the crew, although we fished mostly for amusement; and a trip the memory of which will always be agreeable.

Nothing, in my mind, could equal a pleasure excursion to these islands for mental or physical restoration, and I hope to see an excursion steamer visit those mentioned in this little book every year. The lucky party would have a glorious trip, and something to talk about for a long time. From April to the end of September would be the proper months. There are plenty of suitable steamers in Honolulu for the purpose, simply requiring a few alterations—a piano, dark room for amateur photography, etc.

The expense need not be excessive; a round-trip ticket to and from San Francisco should not cost more than five hundred dollars. The time occupied would not exceed three months, including a stay of two weeks in Honolulu.

Such an outing would add ten years to a person's existence, and give a lasting impression of having had, truly, the most enjoyable time of his or her life.


HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
with the
ISLANDS and SHOALS to the WESTWARD
180°
175°
170°
165°
160°
157°
Ocean Is
Midway Is
Pearl & Hermes Is.
Lisianesky Is
Laysan Is
Maro reef
Gardiner Rock
Dowsetts reef
French Frigate Shoal
Necker Is.
Bird Is
Lehua
Kauai
Oahu
Niihau
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